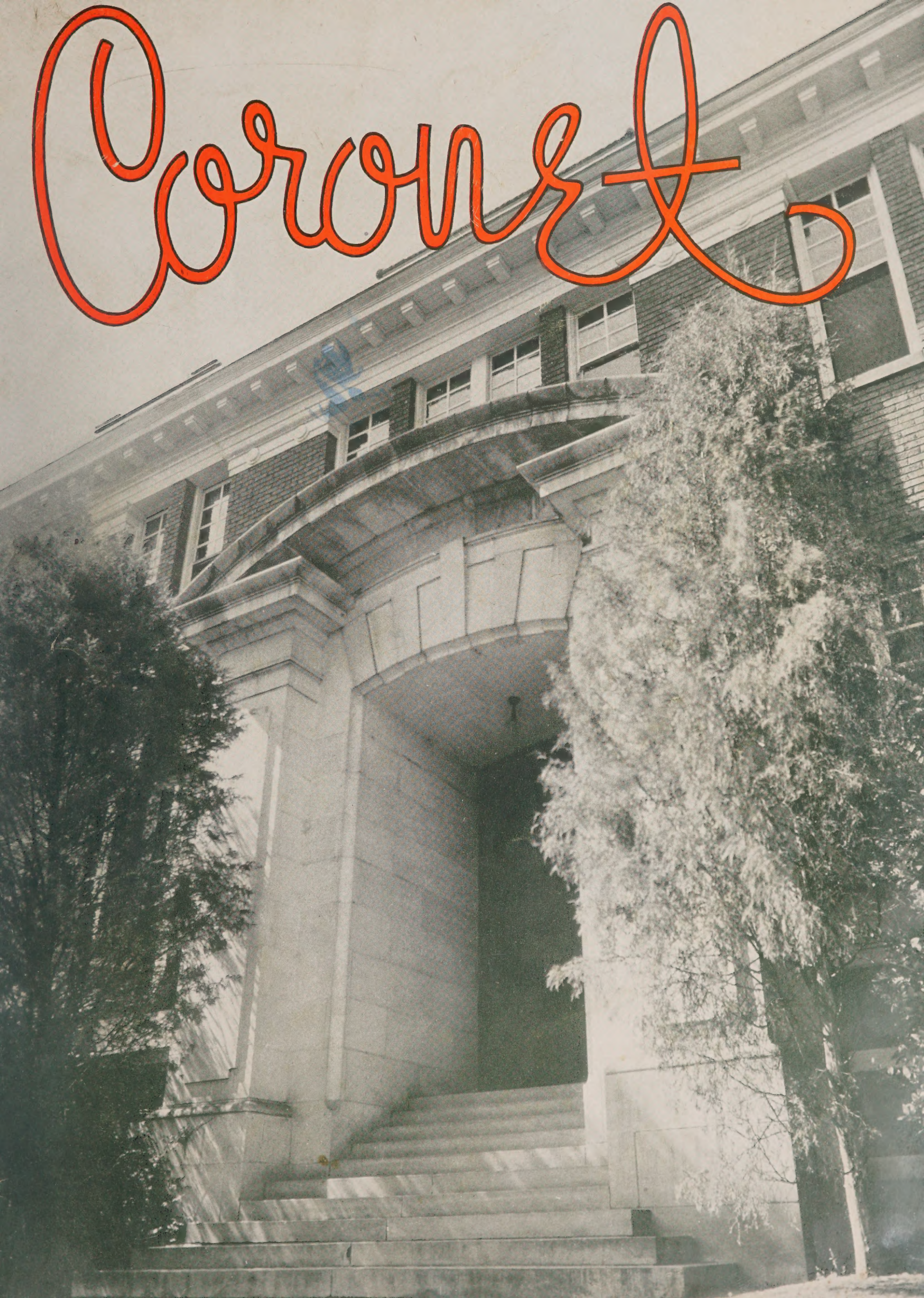
Coronet



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NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE

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MARGARET TRUE - - - *Business Manager*

THE CORONET

Published by the SENIOR CLASS
of QUEENS-CHICORA COLLEGE
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

Volume II *Number 1*

WE RECOGNIZE

Ione Smith,

because—well, if we said "just because", no one would offer any argument. Ione is a girl who deserves praise, because she works her mind like a dray horse on a project and then backs off when resolutions of thanks are being passed. We're pointing her out because she is afire with ideas, because her disposition is even, because she sketches artistically, because she does what she promises.

As a "rat" she performed the miracle of appearing as a chinese dragon—her first step of individuality in the horde of freshmen. From then on it was a steady climb to the position of leader of leaders—president of Alpha Kappa Gamma. She never appears in public as a leader, she never advances herself to her rightful place, and we think it's all wrong. The *Coronet* is pushing her up on the pedestal—now you keep her there.

Elsie Setzer

for her value to our college and for her "cleaned, brushed and straightened" personality. Her frankness and naturalness are evident in her clear voice, the easy swing in her walk, the expression of her face.

She's a clever girl, and by working with Mrs. Lyon, has succeeded in landing the debating team in a southern debating society. And that constitutes the neatest piece of work we've seen to date. To the outsider, she has waved a little wand and changed a pumpkin into a coach, but to one who knows, she has pulled up, inch by inch, a semblance of a team, composed of earnest debaters, but stifled by a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the campus for debates, to such a live-wire organization that it has received an invitation to become a part of the "Strawberry Leaf".

You probably didn't know all of this. Elsie doesn't talk about herself.

Margaret Land,

not as the most outstanding girl in the freshman class, but as a person of unusual talents and responsiveness. She is gifted dramatically, musically, and physically, and is most gracious in performing on any program with the poise and grace of an artist.

Although a "special" at Queens last year, she seems to be making a very good rat now and is applying her energy and originality to the freshman class. And after all this technical explanation for recognizing her, we still have the desire, juvenile, perhaps, to run around in circles about her glowing smile, her distinct voice, her warm slow manner.

Can she take it? This praise has not been strewn over her carelessly, but with the realization that she could drown her standing on the campus in it. Margaret Land won't though; we believe that after four years of this mush, she'll still be RECOGNIZABLE.

The Coronet *will recognize a trio of students in each issue who have shown outstanding loyalty to Queens-Chicora.*

FACULTY

DR. WILLIAM HENRY FRAZER is a president in every sense of the word. He is the head of the college, the helper of each student, the lover of knowledge. Rightfully, at all times he is the commander of the situation and a just law maker.

Queens-Chicora College owes to him her standing, in collegiate circles today, her growth of curriculum, her fine type of students. In giving his institution these advantages, he has taken no glory for himself; instead, he has wanted in return only a peculiar joy and pride in watching his college develop into a home, equipped with knowledge and companionship, and under the guidance of God and His teachings.

Aside from his contributions, he himself is an interesting personality and an asset to his college. Have you heard his famous negro stories, or his uncanny imitation of dialects? He delights in the droll situation and the comic, and is an extremely popular speaker.

And when he calls you "sister", you'll find, implied in that one word, his love of his work, his interest in his students, his kindly fellowship, his religious teachings, and his genial humor.

DEAN EDWARDS

She is the sweetest person imaginable. Students never find her without a serene smile on her face. As the dean of women she is a jewel.

Picture a counsellor to whom students come for advice, on whom they depend, and you see Miss Edwards. Now visualize a professor, patiently teaching the classic language and delving into Latin research, and that is Miss Edwards also.

A cultured, sincere, energetic, intelligent lady—this is our Dean Edwards.

DR. KRATZ

A newcomer and a gogetter and a lively charmer and there you have Dr. Kratz. She smiles at you in her mischievous fashion and says huskily, "Hello there," and you've caught something.

Behind that impish grin, there's a wealth of intelligence, intuition, and knowledge of humanity. There is also a love for Queens and Charlotte, that is manifested by her work and happiness here.

Cultivate her as a friend, and you will enjoy hours of mental stimulus and years of friendly understanding.

BOOKER KRATZ KING EDWARDS THOMAS

FACULTY

Mrs. Warren H. Booker—She is the perfect professor of home economics, who lives and breathes her title—flowers outside her door, bright vases and attractive what-nots in her room, taste and charm in her dress.

Dr. Althea H. Kratz—She is our new dean of instruction, whose unusual ideas have been used for practically every organization here. She just belongs at Queens.

Miss Ethel M. King—Our dramatic instructor has inspired many of her pupils to a fine appreciation of drama and to a correct interpretation of it, because she, herself, is gifted.

Miss Alma T. Edwards—She is charming. The ideal dean of women is realized in her gracious manner and sincerity. Students know that, in Dean Edwards, they have a friend.

Miss Mary Louise Thomas—She is the faithful co-worker of Dean Kratz, and efficiency is her first, last, and middle name.

Merry Christmas

FACULTY

Miss Mary Mathilda Fulton—She is a small energetic hard-worker whose pupils in home economics recognize her ability in that field.

Miss Mary H. Inglis—Here is the dynamo who has a whole school to herself—the school of business—and she turns out the finest stenographers and secretaries available.

Dr. Agnes Stout—Here is our child wonder—a delver in research, head of the English department, a careful professor, but catch her off her guard, and you really know her.

Dr. Charles W. Sommerville—He is the inspiration of every girl at Queens. His classes in Bible are fascinating and applicable because of his kindly spirit and his faultless methods of explaining the Book.

Dr. M. Dorisse Howe—She is a professor who knows her biology backwards and forward, and is not content until her pupils are following in her footsteps.

Miss Rena Harrell—Have you ever met a lover of books who was as original and interesting as the books she loves? That describes our librarian.

Happy New Year

FULTON INGLIS STOUT SOMMERVILLE HOWE HARRELL

FACULTY

Miss Olive M. Jones—Our head of the mathematics department is as quick and clever a personality as she is a mathematician.

Miss Marie Turnipseed—She is a dainty, soft-spoken person whose classes are in Latin and mathematics; she's been mistaken for a freshman.

Miss Cordelia Henderson—is the athletic instructor whose colorful skirts and scarves suit her position, and whose ability merits her the position.

Dr. Minnie Almira Graham—Our professor of physical sciences is one who interests her pupils in her work, who loves the sciences, and who knows her subject thoroughly.

Mrs. John Lyon—Here is our live-wire of energy, who, besides teaching English, is the advisor of the Literary Societies, and the companion of the students.

Miss Ida M. Patrick—She is quiet in her actions, but she is working steadily toward an interest on the campus in her language—French.

Mrs. J. McEwen—She is a Queens graduate, and as considerate and fair-minded a teacher as there is on the campus. Her classes in the physical sciences are interesting.

Mr. R. V. Kennedy—A brave man is he who stands among so many ladies, and braver still because he teaches history to nearly every student and makes her like it.

Miss Mary Wharton—We are introducing a delightful personality whose love of piano and music is skillfully transferred to her audience each time she plays.

Miss Grace Robinson—She thrills you with her voice, inspires you, and captures you with the sunny nature and jolly spirit of a great singer.

PATRICK JONES | MCEWEN TURNIPSEED | KENNEDY HENDERSON | WHARTON GRAHAM | ROBINSON LYON

FRESHMAN DAYS

Norma Moore Indian Trail, N. C.	Lucielle Kidd Charlotte, N. C.	Jean Asbury Charlotte, N. C.	Kathryn Alexander Gastonia, N. C.	Nell James Morganton, N. C.
Annie Laurie Anderson Badin, N. C.	Kate Brown Landrum, S. C.	Sara Little Charlotte, N. C.	Ruby McCain Matthews, N. C.	Katherine K. Martin Ware Shoals, S. C.
Cornelia Davis Charlotte, N. C.	Virginia Snapp Charlotte, N. C.	Louise Denham Mooresville, N. C.	Katherine Lowrance Mooresville, N. C.	Mildred Lowrance Mooresville, N. C.

"Chief Among the Rats, We Have"

Miss Jane Wallace Davis, whose very sincerity and leadership swept the freshman class off their feet, and hoisted Jane into the high chair of the Freshman Chairman.

Irene Gailes
Rockingham, N. C.

Eleanor Burris
Charlotte, N. C.

Dorothy Duckett
Charlotte, N. C.

Jean Davis
Charlotte, N. C.

Helen Cumnock
Davidson, N. C.

Sara Kelly Lillard
Elkin, N. C.

Kathryn Craven
Charlotte, N. C.

Emily Ferguson
Clinton, S. C.

Helen Malloy
Cheraw, S. C.

Betsy Gillette
Charlotte, N. C.

Frances Poole
Mullins, S. C.

Katherine M. Martin
Maxton, N. C.

Sara Durant
Southern Pines, N. C.

Catherine Meares
McBee, S. C.

Dorothy Morrison
Monroe, N. C.

Marie Griffin Monroe, N. C.	Sara Henry Rockingham, N. C.	Margaret Land Chester, S. C.	Frances Ehrhardt Pinehurst, N. C.	Ruth Hoggard Charlotte, N. C.
Helen Hatcher Winchester, Virginia	Margaret Hunsucker Gibson, N. C.	Ann McCree Roberts Carthage, N. C.	Helen Hawley Charlotte, N. C.	Stacie Orr Indian Trail, N. C.
Mayme Ingram Kannapolis, N. C.	Marjorie Pressly Belmont, N. C.	Anna Margaret Riggs Parkersburg, West Va.	Margaret W. Jager Charleston, S. C.	Sara Keiger Charlotte, N. C.

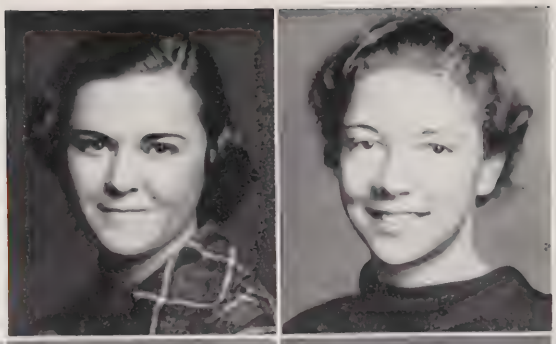
"FRESHMAN DAYS"

NOTHING adds so much to a college as an outstanding freshman class, for this is the new blood which inspires the students each year. And usually the baby class is attractive as a whole, and spoiled as individuals, and very cute. But this September told a different story. We watched our freshman register, and unpack, and start to work, and calmly proceed to amaze everyone else. They are still attractive, but unusually so, with an unlimited amount of energy and poise. Never has Queens seen so many capable students in one class. And they are all sensible! As soon as the flurry of rushing had passed, the level-headed misses, still unruffled by all of the excitement, immediately called on Jane Davis to organize the class, and appointed Margaret Land and Tempe Speagle as leaders of the traditional "Stunt Night".

Even with all of the business of pulling themselves together, the class has managed to contribute to all college entertainments from the plentiful supply of talent in the Freshman class. And such versatility! The prodigies boast of whistling wonders and parchesie champions in the same breath. And no one seems to be childishly shy about performing.

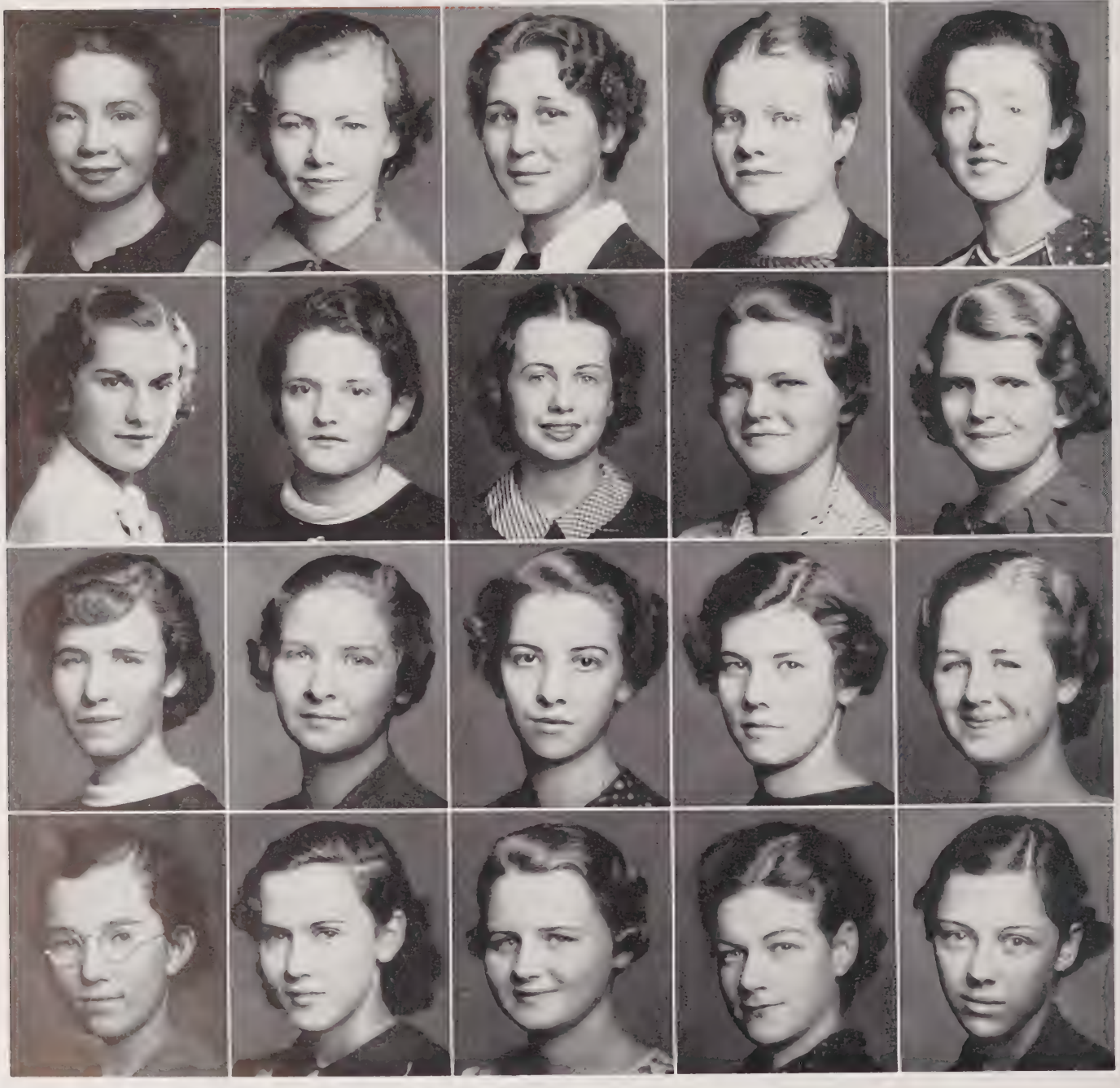
All in all, Queens-Chicora is proud of her youngest class and experiences a certain thrill in calling each freshman her own. If the freshmen will only keep their individual attitudes, their fresh outlooks, their clear visions of the future always before them, then this old college, in four years, should raise the flag in honor of the "best yet".

"FRESHMAN DAYS"



Rebecca Stowe
Charlotte, N. C.

Mary Ruth Knee
Charlotte, N. C.



Mary Griffin
Charlotte, N. C.

Carmalt Hartman
Salisbury, N. C.

Mary Alice Craft
Wilmington, N. C.

Le Grande Long
Rockingham, N. C.

Betsy Meek
Charlotte, N. C.

Mary C. Johnston
Murat, Virginia

Margurite Craven
Clarkton, N. C.

Agnes Hope Gwaltney
Charlotte, N. C.

Alice Parker
Charlotte, N. C.

Eleanor Jenkins
Charlotte, N. C.

Jean Craven
Clarkton, N. C.

Elsie Rowe
Charlotte, N. C.

Elizabeth Page
Aynor, S. C.

Laura Query
Charlotte, N. C.

Katherine King
Lumberton, N. C.

Elizabeth Freeman
Dobson, N. C.

Martha Rayburn
Charlotte, N. C.

Rose Shanklin
Pendleton, S. C.

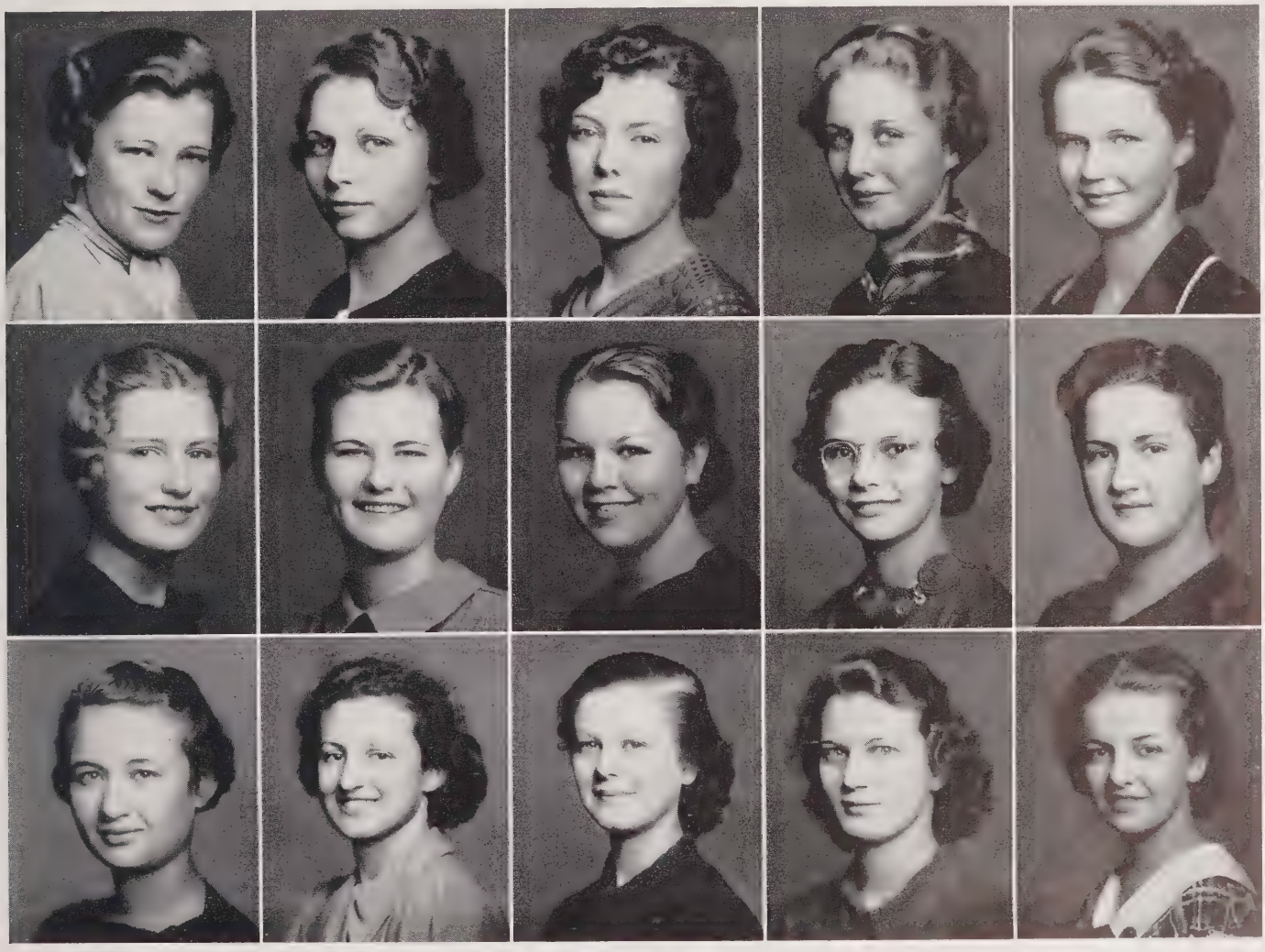
Dorothy Carson
Mooresville, N. C.

Elizabeth Koger
Walterboro, S. C.

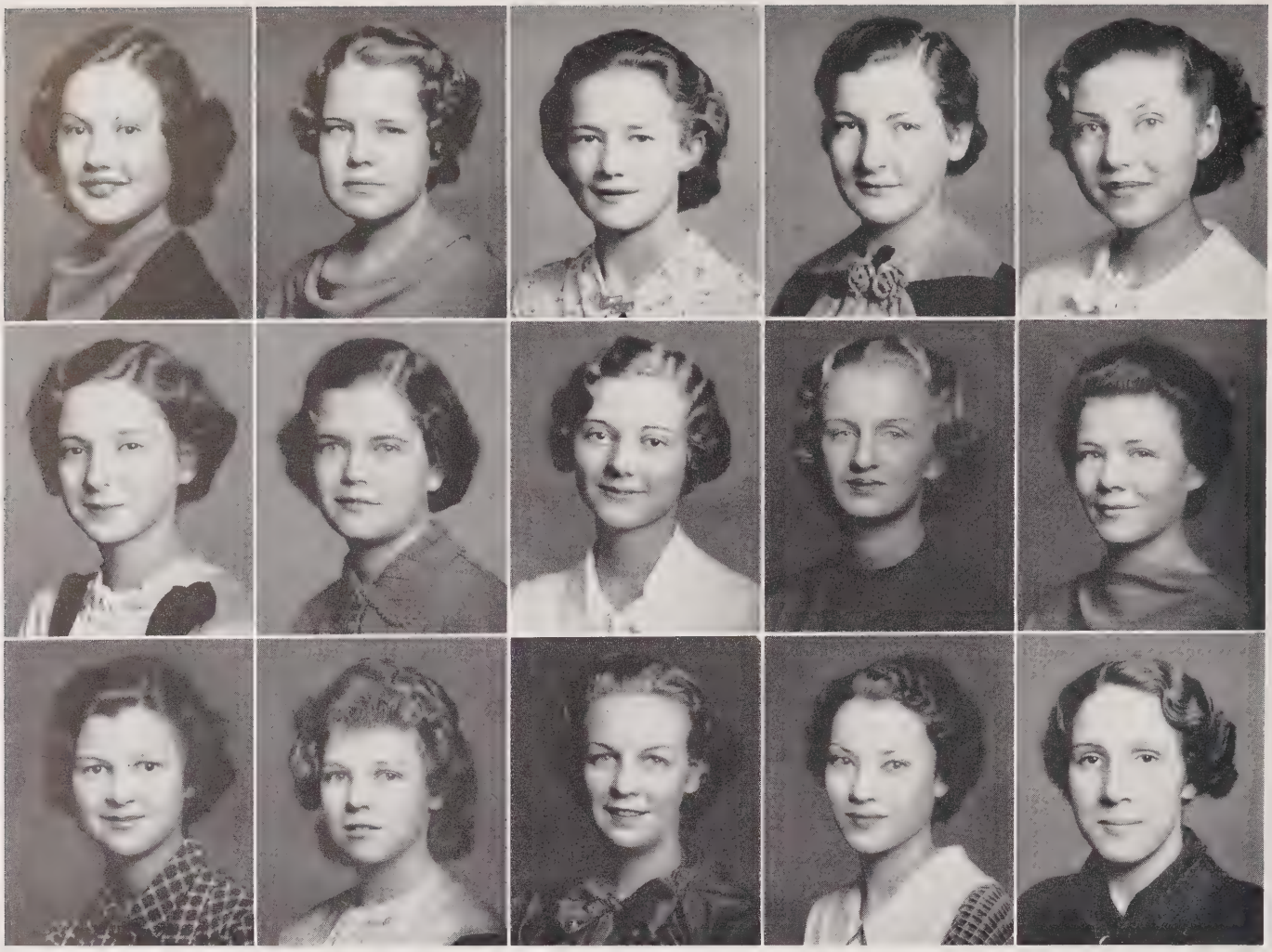
"Tip to Movie Scouts - Look over Our Freshman Class"

IF anyone, anywhere, wants talent of any kind, for anything, anytime, call on the freshmen everytime. These "rats" may be termed exhibit A in the line of Queens-Chicora entertainment. The first surprise came during Rat Week when variety was shown in "Talent Time". The second eye-opener astounded us in the form of willingness of the freshmen to perform at the Party and at Dinner on Wednesdays. And the third triumphant play was made by the class when the two leads for their Stunt were called away at very nearly the last minute, and the show went on! The parts were immediately cast and the Stunt was a clever, original success, under the leadership of Jane Davis.

So the freshmen are dauntless; they are gems of activity, and they have fitted perfectly into the atmosphere of our college. Each girl seems to realize the importance of new enthusiasm, individual spirit, and loyal devotion to Queens-Chicora.



Frances Garrett Charlotte, N. C.	Blanche Lethco Spartanburg, S. C.	Louise Kinser Dante, Virginia	Sally McDowell Pacolet, S. C.	Sue Mauldin Charlotte, N. C.
Josephine Rankin China Grove, N. C.	Faye Queen Little Switzerland, N. C.	Frances O'Hair Rock Hill, S. C.	Marjorie Timms Winnsboro, S. C.	Margaret Sadler Paw Creek, N. C.
Dorothy Wilkie Forest City, N. C.	Virginia Lea Cathey Paw Creek, N. C.	Betty Kale Belmont, N. C.	Catherine Todd Gastonia, N. C.	Doris Gambrell Charlotte, N. C.



Rosa Willis New Bern, N. C.	Alene Ward Tryon, N. C.	Lucy Williams Charlotte, N. C.	Irene Johnson Charlotte, N. C.	Sara Sprott Greenwood, S. C.
Nanette Sherard Abbeville, S. C.	Katherine Stewart Clinton, N. C.	Melba Treadway Charlotte, N. C.	Peggy Sabine Charlotte, N. C.	Jennie Ann Efird Charlotte, N. C.
Mary Mickley Charlotte, N. C.	Marilyn Brittain Charlotte, N. C.	Johnny Walker Charlotte, N. C.	Nell Sadler Charlotte, N. C.	Beatrice Kiser Charlotte, N. C.

"FRESHMAN DAYS"

MAY we be personal? Notice Helen Hatcher, and you remember individuality—even in one out of 150. And Helen Cumnock is as well drawn a type as we've seen. Her tailored suits, her hair, brushed back and then bouncing up again, her healthy appearance, all form the perfect picture of an out-door girl. Have you stopped counting the Charlotte students? There are bunches of them. Eleanor Burris, Sara Keiger, Adele Southerland, Martha Alexander, in one. Jennie Ann Efird, Marilyn Brittain, Mary Mickley, Johnny Walker running around together. And Elizabeth Gammon, Charlotte McAden, Courtney Jones, and so many more attractive ones. Peggy Sabine is an addition to Charlotte and Queens—she recently moved here from New York, and she's gifted dramatically. Ginger Snapp, is another new resident of Charlotte, and that's what she likes to be called, with no giggling, please. The names of our freshmen are so unusual—Carmalt sounds delicious. And Tempe is the very name for that alert individual. Cree is a clever nick-name, and Mayme is spelt cleverly. Le Grande is the tops in family names. Rosa Willis has music in her name. And Nanette Sherard seems to turn somersaults on your tongue. Ginger Snapp merits mention again, in connection with this subject. And never shall we forget our first glimpse of the freshmen—Katherine Stewart, as radiant and happy as a senior; Rose Shanklin, here early and helping others to find their rooms; Sarah Sprott, with the family reunion in her room; Margaret Hunsucker having her picture taken. Freshman, there's no one quite like you.

HEARD 'ROUND DE CORNER

"WHY hidy, Elvira, I ain't seed you, since Mrs. Jones' fun'el. You looks mighty well."

"Hidy, Mamie, how yawl?"

"Aw, we's all right. You know'd Sam gon' be babtised Sunday, didn't yuh? I come town today to git him a suit."

"Hesh, Viry, your Sam? How come day boy gon' be babtised? He ain't got no 'ligion."

"Haw he have too, he been amoanin' now goin' on two week—come thru last Saddy night on de way home from church. Me'n Ethel, we's walkin' long pretty good ways in front'n him and s'mo dem young boys, Mose and 'mong 'em, and we hearn somebody holler out, "Thank you Lawd, thank you Sir," and I knowd hit us my Sam. I shore was proud. Gal, I jes' fell down in de road and rolled."

"Yas, Sis Mamie, I knows you war a proud soul. My Mag, she been moanin' aroun' fer nigh bout a week, but she ain' had no luck as yit. I don' tol her ef she come thru by Sadday mawnin' time fuh me to go to town wid de boss, I'd git her one dem georged crapeys fur de babtizin', and you know she's plum crazy fur a red un. I ain' seed no peace day or night since den, ain't been able to git a lick o' work out'n her."

"Gal, did you heer the elder rompin' on Sis Haney fer squenchin' her eyes at dat black Jeems in meetin' las' nite?"

"Yas, and did you see dat big yellow Rosetta Stone aswitchin' up de aisle to put dat nickle on the table when dey wuz liftin' de 'lection? Tryin' to show off dat red satin dress, and everybody knowd she bought it second-hand from Miss Annie."

"Uh huh, if she don't ketch dat Pluribus Unum wid dat dress dere jus' ain't no ketchin' him, him lookin' like a ape, and Sally jus' been dead a mont', Sadday."

"Viry, wuz you down de road dere when Carry Nation Hogens and Napoleum come 'long? You wusn't. Haw! Lawd, gal, you sho missed it. Sis Milly took 'n' had a fit an' she hauled off an' bit Carry Nation thru de year; she a blue-gummed nigger."

"Uh wall, wuz't de same year dat Aunt Martha tore de year ring outer when she got shoutin' t'other nite?"

"I 'on' know 'bout dat, but you know Izeah's de only one can hold Carry Nation when de Spirit strike her, now.

"Talkin' 'bout shoutin', gal, you know dat nail Brother Stark drive in de wall fo' elder Bowens to hang his overcoat on? Wall, ol' Hesakiah got shoutin' an' jump so high twell he hang dat new pair striped britches on dat nail, an' I means he hung dere twell some de deakums unhooked 'im."

"Now chile! I boun' he don't do no moah dat gymnastickin' aroun'. Think he smart."

"Uh hum, wuz you at de Basket rally at Ebeneza fust Sunday? Alder Lewis up der thinkin' he lookin' so forty tight an' all a time lookin' like a squench owl, talkin' bout churchin' dis yere young race 'bout dere sneakin' at de barbecue, an' his han' still wrop up fum whar he bin gougin' dat cawn out de crack in Mr. Jackson's cawn crib, whar Mr. Jackson sot de steal trap dat kotch him."

"Look 'ere, gal, de cap'n tol' me meet 'im at foah 'clock, an' ef I ain't dere he'll shore ride off an' leab me lak he dun Ebaline, an' I'll haf t' foot it home, an' git supper arter I git dere."

"Wal, stay 'ere twil I come, Viry, an' don' fergit 'bout poundin' de paster, babtizin' Sunday. Gon' look fer you."

Miss Molly, Put the Kettle On

"SWING low, sweet Cha-a-i-ot
Comin foah t' carry me——"

"Come on in," invited big fat Cindy ceasing her song, as she heard a knock on the kitchen door. Inwardly she muttered, "Gawganne agin, I'll be boun'. Why in de debble cain't dat lowdown niggah stay at home an' ten' t' her own biznes' sum time."

"Good evenin' Cindy," greeted Georgianne.

"Why, howdy do, Gawganne. I's glad you come," lied Cindy politely.

"Ain't you thu washin' up de suppah deeshes yit? Lawd, I bin thu a long time," whimpered the visitor. "What'd you cook good fuh suppah, Cindy?"

"Aw, nuffin much. Dere's sum biskit puddin in dat pan ober dar on de tabul. Git you sum. I's aimin' t' put hit up fuh mah dinnah, but no mind, you eat hit. Den come hope me wash up dese deeshes. I's tryin' t' git thru an' git away 'fo' ol' Aunt Kansas come. Sunday she say she's comin' over heah t' night, an' ef she ketch me, she sho beg eby rag off n' my back."

"Er lazy heifer," pronounced Georgianne perilously perching her two hundred and fifty pounds on a small nail keg behind the stove and eating the biscuit pudding. "Das de Gawd's truf. She'll sho beg now. Beg off evybody. Duddah day, she wint up t' Miss Molly, whinin' roun bout she habin' bad cold an' axin' Miss Molly gib her little brandy. She make me tared," finished Georgianne with righteous indignation.

"Me'n' you bof, Gawgy," said Cindy. "Is you put up any par'zerves yit, gal? Ah ain't got a bit."

"Yas, I has foah haf gallun jairs. I'se been visitin' de tree ebery night t' git dem when de win' blows. Das whut I cum by heah fuh t'nite. I's gwine up to de par tree t'reckly an' git dis sack full. I thought maybe you'd lack t' come long an' git you some too."

"Das a good idee," mused Cindy, "ef ah don' hurry, ol' hawkeye, he'll beat me to 'em. He'll be a gatherin' 'em purty soon, won' he? Ah's glad you come by."

Cindy dried the last dish, set the table for breakfast, blew out the smoking kitchen lamp, and the two old aunties ambled silently down the path and out of the back gate toward the pear tree. It was dark, and they felt reasonably safe; but Georgianne, knowing Mr. Jones, was always cautious. "Sh-h," she whispered, "Don' make no moah noise dan we has to. You cain't nebah tell who mout be listenin' roun'."

Reaching the pear tree which was about two hundred and fifty yards from the white folks' house, they felt safe in continuing their conversation.

"Ain't de pars nice dis year, Cindy," observed Georgianne, as they fell busily to work picking up the fallen fruit and putting it into the tow sack.

"Yas, nicer'n ah's ebah seed 'em. Ain't dat air cold t'nite. Hit wouldn' s'prise me a bit ef hit wuz t' come a fros disver' nite."

"Um um, sho is. Frosted a little las nite, so Zeke say. Ah ain't seed none myself do. Ah wuz aimin' t' go to de feast in de wilderness t'nite ef you hadn' come. Gonna be right cole fur de meetin' nex week."

"Ah's agittin' tared," said Georgianne after a while. "Le's set down an' res' a while, Cindy."

"Gawganne, hit's cause youse gittin so everlastin' fat, gal. Why 'on' you order yoself one dem W. T. Cossits fum Sairs an Rarebacks?"

Georgianne considered a moment staring at Cindy, "Is dey any good?"

"Yas, Sook say dere's nuthin' lack 'em. She got hern fum de Watskin man, but you kin order 'em. I seen one in de new catalogue. Sook wouldn' take nuthin' fuh hern. I's been aimin' t' git me one soon ez ah git little money on han'. Da's how cum me t' name de baby W. T. So's ah wouldn't fergit de name."

"Wall, ah say. But you know hit's de style now t' call chullen by lettahs anyways. Ah thinks W. T. make a right purty name fuh a chile," said Georgianne.

Just then a shower of pears fell, followed shortly by another and another.

"Lan' sakes! I ain' nebah seed nuffin lack de way dese pars fallin' t'nite," commented Cindy. "Falls lack dere mout be a hi' win', but dere ain' scarcely nun 'tall."

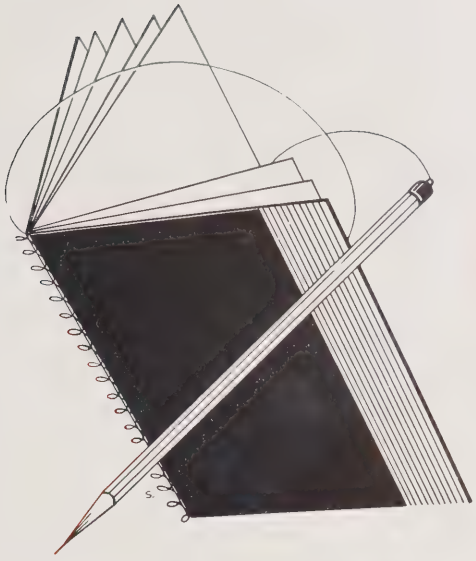
"Don' dey now," exclaimed Georgianne. "We's habin luck t'nite. Pars fallin. De Good Lawd on our side case he know we ain' able t' clim no tree aft' em, fat ez we is."

"We's got de sack 'bout full," announced Cindy presently. "Le's git along 'fo' de ol' fortune tellah ketch us."

As they shouldered the bulging sack, a deep voice that unmistakably belonged to the one and only Mr. Jones came from up in the tree. "It was very good of you all to pick up the pears for me, and if you will come up to the house in the morning, you can peal them for Miss Molly to preserve! I'll tell her to put the kettle on."

MARGARET ANDERSON

CAMPUS DIARY



SEPTEMBER 14: I don't know why I'm keeping you because there isn't time here at Queens for anything but "college activities", but it's all so fascinating this year that I've decided this little book will provide good sales talks for my grandchildren.

Well, we're all here—350 strong. And I've never seen so many attractive, dignified freshmen—I feel as if I'm insulting them when I ask them if "there's anything I can do". We had short classes today, and it is really fun to see everyone carrying notebooks and pencils again. And Dr. Kratz is a surprise package from Dr. Frazer to every girl here. She's young, with a grand sense of humor, and a businesslike attitude. All the girls are genuinely fond of her.

October 1: The school is wild, the girls are delirious—in short, rushing is over! And were there upsets, surprises, and disappointments. The group in the picture there are eagerly scanning their sorority list to see if "she" is on it. And from their expressions, "She" is. I think the freshmen should be congratulated for keeping their heads and wisely attaching themselves to the group of girls with which they are most congenial. Now, maybe normal relations will be resumed and we may talk to anyone anytime we please.

November 23: Well, votes were counted and the school went wild again. The screams resounded to Park Place, I know. And we have a slender, lovely brunette May Queen, who is not only beautiful, but capable as well. Bettie's beauty seems to come from her unselfish spirit in being of service to other people. She is all that a queen should be. And Jo ran her a close second, because she too possesses a quiet dignified beauty and a stately manner. Wonder which lucky junior will be Maid of Honor? I've a hunch that Margaret Calder fits into this picture.

—By a Senior

"REAL RAT REPORTS"

FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF A RAT . . . . . .

I AM a rat—a *real,* live Queens-Chicora rat with a *tail* n' everything. But never until I came to Queens did I hear of a whole week known as *"Rat Week"*. And such a strange race of rats as this week is in honor of! They *resemble* human beings in shape, but they wear queer costumes, and do the most *astounding* things, and act *so* meek (much meeker than I ever am).

This year, Rat Week began October seventh. (I went 'specially to Miss Harrill's library to find out the date.) Monday morning all the Freshmen wore small *green* caps, *green* gloves, and *no* make-up to class. At all hours of the day I saw them carrying books, cleaning rooms, and opening doors for the lordly Sophomores. In the dining room, I hid in Bessie's apron pocket and watched the "green" freshmen eat *clumsily* with spoons and gloves while cheering the Sophomore class.

by
LURA COFFEY

I went over to bacteriology lab after lunch (really, it kept me scurrying around to find out all that was happening) and sat very still behind a test tube to hear the *Juniors* plan to kidnap the Sophomores for their *overbearing* attitude toward the "little sisters" of the Juniors.

Monday night the Rats put on a circus in the gym for the Sophomores' approval. There was a band, a master of ceremonies, peanut vendors, a tight-rope artist, side-shows, and what-not. The upperclassmen *responded* with cheers and applause. We mice were on the outside, but we had to leave when we saw Clyde, the night-watchman, coming too.

My brother, Squeak-Mouse, who works at the "Little Store", told me that the Freshman Rats, chaperoned by the Sophomores, carried *pennies* in their laundry bags to the store and bought all-day suckers.

Tuesday night all the Freshmen were sent to Pi Hall in a state of fear and trembling. *One* by *one* they were taken to North and told to crawl up and down the hall, giving the cry of the rat, until they found the rat's delight (a piece of cheese). Needless to say, it was rather an *amusing* spectacle, especially when I or one of the other mice would eat the cheese before the Freshmen found it—a fact which puzzled *even* the Sophomores.

Thursday night the Sophomores had the Rats present "Talent Time" in an effort to *help* the Freshmen discover more about themselves. After this the Sophomores dropped their lordly attitude and informally entertained the Freshmen in the hope that *friendship* and good feeling would be restored. We mice finished the crumbs after the party was over and voted to befriend our namesakes at all times when they are in danger of Homesickness, Hunger, or Failure, the three cats of micedom.

SENTIMENTAL SOPHOMORES

IT doesn't take a Rat long to grow up. Only last year Mary Currie and Jane Wiley were being trampled upon by the lordly sophs, and being made to feel as insignificant as possible, but times change, and so do Rats. The slave drivers of a year ago sat back and gasped on the night of November 26, when the curtain rose on the set of the sophomore stunt. That gasp evidently penetrated the marrow of the cold judges, for the sophomores cheered wildly about something there at the last.

For weeks before "Stunt Night," class meetings were scheduled. Anyone passing through Burwell Hall on Tuesday afternoon could hear strains of "We've been working on the railroad" or "Sophomores, stand together" issuing from the society halls. And each class had difficulties and coped with them. Freshmen lost their stunt chairman and the leading lady, but the Rats never even squeaked. Jane Davis took charge, and she managed beautifully. Ione Smith constructed a train and furnished each senior with a typewritten copy of all songs without losing her temper. Juniors needed a castle, so Loise Thompson covered the organ with an original scene, which was very effective. Mrs. Wiley and Jane trailed silvered leaves and crystal flakes behind them for weeks. Without a doubt, more time and preparation and thought were given to this year's traditional occasion than ever before.

Finally the night came when no more could be done. Cars lined the streets by the college; the auditorium was filled; the performers were restless. Promptly at 8 the freshman class entered in rompers and ginghams, singing a song written by Margaret Land. Sophomores stole mysteriously into their places, dressed in Eastern fashion and chanting weird melodies. Next came the bold juniors, brandishing spears and swords. Seniors marched arrogantly down the stairs with Engineer Phillips at the head, singing an explanation of their stunt. As soon as the galleries subsided, the freshmen put on their babyest stares and proceeded to mimic their version of "Little Red Riding Hood". The treatment was extremely clever and furnished many of the evening's laughs.

The minute the audience viewed the set for the sophomore stunt, they knew the resting place of the cup for another year. The setting gave the effect of an enchanted garden, which had been drowned in star-dust. In the midst of the glistening trees and crystal columns was the golden lamp of Aladdin. The acting in pantomime was the perfect complement for that dreamy, idealistic fairyland. And Lucile Dulin's voice seemed to lull the listeners into the bewitched atmosphere.

But interest didn't stop there. The juniors provoked the best roll-in-the-aisle laugh when Elsie Setzer practically toe-danced to a popular song. The costumes were excellent, but Stroupe should have had more to do. And the seniors still maintain that the subtlety of their stunt was far beyond the comprehension of human intelligence. "Perhaps that's why——", some say.

MARY CURRIE
Pres. of Soph. Class

TALENT'S DEBUT

"AUTUMN FIRE"

Autumn sets my heart on fire with her brightness—
Bronze of foliage, scarlet of sunset, silver of moonlight
All merge into a flame that burns within me
Like a roaring leaping bonfire—not calmly,
As spring twilight or winter lamplight,
But ruthlessly, and I am scorched by her beauty.

Autumn sets my mind on fire with her courage—
A last fling of color against the sky
Before death comes to all her paintings.
Boldly she signs her name on every tree,
Garden, and lawn. I feel her blood in my being
Singing, and I am burned by her spirit.

MAY LEBBY SMITH.

"GRAY DAY"

I stood at my casement window
And looked at the dreary sky;
The morning rather depressed me,
The people hurried by:
The day seemed a forewarning
Of something yet to come;
I stood at my casement window
And silently wished for the sun.

The sky seemed, oh, so sullen!
The nearby trees, so black!
I had a tight close feeling
As though something were sadly alack.
And then, the sky seemed to open,
And the sun came shining down,
And the whole world bathed in splendor,
And God had withdrawn His frown.

SUE MAXWELL MAULDIN.

"SOLITUDE AND PRAYER"

In the silence of the night
I awoke,
Nowhere could I see a light;
Then God Spoke
In the pealing of a bell
Floating to me 'cross the dell,
And in gentle tones did tell
Of His love.

In that quiet solitude
I learned to pray.
Before God my soul stood nude.
A new day
Dawned for me because of Him,
A candle which had burned dim,
A faith which had grown slim,
Was renewed.

SUE MAXWELL MAULDIN.

PICTURES

A silent world and shadows—
A pale moon making beautiful
A small part
Of all the darkness.

A world of changes and doubts—
A tall youth facing life and men
Challenged
And challenging.

"E"

MY SOLITUDE

The sun sinks lower behind the hill.
The sky is gaily hued—
The dusk descends on a world so still,
And brings me solitude.

The shadows lengthen, breezes blow,
And in this interlude
The daylight fades with the rosy glow
And leaves me solitude.

All thru' the busy, hurried day
I only stop for food.
I put my heart and soul away
Until my solitude.

Kaleiodscopic pictures play—
Each trying to pass the other
To bring up memories of childhood's day
Of home, of friends, of mother.

I seem detached from all the earth—
As I sit on a hill.
I estimate the whole world's worth
By one I love, and still—

I try so very hard to think
Of things that are my own.
Somehow each thought gets on a brink
That shouts just you alone.

My solitude may cause depression.
It satisfies me too,
For it takes up my love expression
And wings it safe to you.

Swiftly now the twilight fades.
The silver moon rides high.
The last bird call in the woody glades
Says: Peace and God on high!

The stars peep thru the velvet blue
And end this interlude.
So ends my lovely dream of you—
So ends my solitude.

L. D. W.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Miss Ashe Bennett Sikes, '34, succeeds Mrs. H. B. Smith, '32, as president of the Monroe Queens-Chicora Alumnae Chapter. Monroe has a very active alumnae chapter, and we know it will have a successful year under Ashe Bennett's leadership.

Mrs. Donald Snyder Carpenter, formerly Virginia Ragan, was married in the First Presbyterian Church in Gastonia on October 19th. Virginia took a business course at Queens after her graduation from Duke University in 1933. She is now living at 923 Carolina Avenue in Winston-Salem.

Mrs. E. Ralph Maxwell, '31, was Ethel Mae Bane before her marriage at the First Baptist Church in Mullins, South Carolina, last June 27th. She is now living at the Singletary Apartment in Florence.

MRS. JAMES I. DEVEREUX, '33, was Miss Susie Wilkie of Forest City before her marriage at the home of Dr. Luther Little in Charlotte on December 28, 1934.

MISS ARIEL MCNINCH, of Washington, D. C., who attended Queens-Chicora in '32 and transferred to Chevy Chase in '33, was a recent visitor in Charlotte and reported that the Queens-Chicora Alumnae Chapter in Washington is quite active and adding new members each month. Ariel is president of the Washington chapter. At present she is with the W. F. Jackson Company, Estimators in Washington.

MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS HOLMAN (Hughla Lee McCollum, '34) announce the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Lee, December 5, 1935, in Sumter, S. C. While at Queens, Hughla Lee was President of the Senior Class and active in Kappa Delta Sorority, of which she was a member.

RUTH GROVER, '35, needs no introduction to our present student body as she is known to us as our competent student secretary. Also, as alumnae secretary, she is meeting and making contacts with many of our former stduents.

MISS ELEANOR HAYES, '35, is now in New York City spending the winter. She has a position with Macy's Department Store in the china department.

Announcement has been received here of the marriage of MISS RUTH KALE, '34, of Belmont, to Mr. J. Lee Dagenhardt in November, 1935.

CLARE HAZEL, '35, is now in New York, acting as hostess at one of the Childs. On the side she is posing for the Johnny Powell Modeling Agent. Clare also has an offer to play a minor part in one of the Theatre Guild plays.

As the Coronet goes to press news is received of the approaching marriage of MISS ALVA GUY, of Charlotte, who attended Queens in '32 and '33, to Mr. Rives H. King, of Greensboro. The date of the wedding is December 14.

. . CAMPUS LIFE

Run, girls, or you'll miss your ride—you didn't hail him down, did you? And old Dobbin looks as if he could call forth spirits with that evil eye.

Now, Doc Ninniss, you needn't look so skeptical—maybe those musicians are telling the truth. And there parks the hope of every Queens girl, the catch in her throat—the mail truck.

Eleanor Burris and Charlotte McAden are probably grinning because Ippy pulled a fast one—or because Math is over for the day. But they can't stop there—go right in to chapel, darlings—We see you, Ruth Knee, so don't try to duck around the corner.

Dobbin, is that your mouth hanging open—oh well, I suppose you're bored with all this picture business, anyhow. Why don't you get your M. A. at Duke? And did you ever see a breeze blowing, or a smile beaming, or a senior class president like Phillips?

AT QUEENS- . . . . . CHICORA

Mister, do you feel your importance? That's probably a box of food for Margaret Anderson from Tennessee, and a box of candy for Margaret Land from the boys. Under these letters (how in the world did you get that picture, Hodge?) rests the answer to the girls' increased poundage—the "Y" store.

Now, if you will pardon that next picture, and make it up to unfinished business—Hodge was evidently thinking of Virginia (that's not the name of her best friend, freshman). And that's the science building, where many tremble and others delight. The windows with their eyes shut belong to the biology lab, and the wide-awake ones are the eyes for the postoffice, the math room, and the chemistry lab—if that means anything. Mary Durden, it's no laughing matter—if 9:30 is too early for you to arrive fully dressed for class, you'd better change your schedule.

How can two people with as much on their minds as Betty and Ione look so cheerful? Maybe that's the first stage of hysteria. And listen, sister, you'd do well to stop worrying about catching that class on time—you'll be a nervous wreck in four years. The gals behind you must be sophomores—they're grinning.

Jo, that walk is pretty enough for any one's queen—get Ione to introduce you to a Chinese emperor. There's Mary Durden, again, and she's laughing at Dell Southerland, who's having her trouble—why don't you girls get together?

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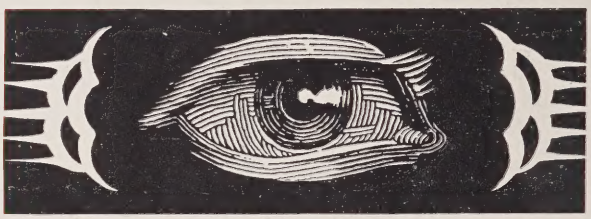

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